

THE <sup>37</sup>  
VVicked LIFE  
AND  
Penitent DEATH  
OF  
Tho. Savage:



Licensed and Entred, according to Order.  
Printed for J. Bask, on London: 25. page.

787

IV

P

THE  
V Vicked L I F E  
A N D  
Penitent D E A T H  
O F

**The Savage**  
Who was twice Executed  
at Ratcliff, for Murthering his  
Fellow-Servant.

W I T H A  
*Full Account of the manner of his Fact*

Together  
With his Flight, and how he was taken  
and Committed close Prisoner to New-  
gate; where he remained very Penitent  
and truly sorrowful for his mis-spent  
Life, and the many sins he had committed,  
especially the horrid sin of Murther.

---

Written as an Example for Y O U T H, to  
amend their Lives, least Sin and  
Satan prove their Overthrow.

---

Printed for J. Bask, at the Black-Boy, on  
London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.

VV. 1000 1144

Posse Comitatus

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

Who was the first to

# The VVicked *Life* and Penitent Death of *Thomas Savage.*

---

**T**homas Savage, born of honest Parents, in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields; was put Apprentice to a Vintner at Barcliff, where he lived about one Year and three Quarters: In which time, he appeared to all that knew him to be a Monster in Sin, giving himself up to all sensual pleasures, and never so much as delighted to hear one Sermon, but if he went into the Church at one door, but would soon go out at another, and accounted 'em Fools that could spare so much time to hear the Ministers of Gods Word: He spent the Sabbath usually at an Ale-house, or at least a bawle House, with that Strumpet, M. Blay; He came acquainted with her by a young Man, who afterwards went to Sea, and after that he often went by himself, and used to bring her Bottles of Wine,

A 3

which

which satisfied not her base desire, but told him, if he intended to be welcome, he must bring money with him; he said he had none, but what was his Masters, and he had never wronged him of twopence in his life, but she inticed him to bring it privately; he replied, he could not, for the Maid was always at home with him: Hang her Jade, says this impudent Slut, knock her on the head, and I will receive the money; this she often repeated, and that day when he committed the Murther, he having been with her, she made him Drunk with burnt Brandy, and wanting one Groat to discharge his Reckoning, tyred him out of his life, and periwading him to Murther the Maid, and she would receive the money.

He going home about one of the Clock, his Master standing at the Street door, did not dare to go in that way, but climbed over a back-door, and comes into the Room where his fellow-Servants were at Dinner: O, says the Maid, You have now been at this Lewd House, you will never leave till you are ruin'd. He was much concerned at her Words, and while he sat at Dinner, the Devil and Passion entred so strongly into him, that he resolved to kill her: so when his Master with his Family was gone

to Church, leaving none at home but him and the maid; he steps to the Bar, and reaches a Hammer, and goes to the fire-side, and taking the Bellows in his hand, sits down and knocks the Bellows with the Hammer, the maid saying, **Dure the Boy is mad, Dirrah, what do you make this noise for?** He said nothing, but went to the Window, making the same noise there, and on a sudden he threw the Hammer with great force at the maids head, so that she fell down skreiking out; then he took the Hammer several times, but had not the power to strike her again; at last the Devil was so great with him, that he taketh the Hammer and striketh her many blows with all the force he could, rejoycing that he had finished the Murther. This done, he goes to his masters Chamber, breaking open a cupboard, and taking a bag of money under his Cloath, goes out at a back-door, to this base House again; the Strumpet seeing what he had done, would fain have had the money, but he refusing, gave her half a Crown, and so departed.

That night he wandred towards **Greenwich**, and coming over a Stile, he set him down to rest himself, and considering what he had done, he began to lament, and would

would have given ten thousand Worlds he could have recalled the blows again, after that he was in so much trouble of spirit, that he imagined every one he met, come to seize him; that Night he got to Greenwich where he lay, acquainting his Landlord that he was bound for Gravesend; but in the night he arose and knew not what to do, Conscience so terrified him that he could take no rest.

In the morning he took his leave, but the Landlady perceiving he had a sum of money, said to her Husband, I wish this youth came by this Money honestly; upon which he was sent for back, and he told them such a plausible Tale, That he was an Apprentice to a Wine-Cooper on London-Bridge, and was carrying it to his Master Gravesend, and if they pleased he would leave the Money with them, and they might send to his Master, and be further satisfied.

Thus he parted, and went forward for Woolwich, where he was soon taken in a Victualling-house sleeping, and confest the Fact; so they took him back to the aforesaid House at Greenwich, where meeting with his Master, and some other acquaintance, he was immediately conveyed to a



Justice at Ratcliff, who Committed him  
 this Prisoner in Newgate, where several  
 Eminent Divine, came to Discourse him;  
 whereof one said, Are you the Young Man  
 that committed the Murder on your fellow  
 Servant at Ratcliff? then he replied; I  
 did. Then what do you think of your dis-  
 mal state, and of your precious Soul? you  
 have not only brought your self to publick  
 Shame and punishment, but without Gods  
 infinite Mercy, have brought your Soul to  
 Eternal Misery and Torment. Were you  
 not afflicted when you had considered what  
 you had done, & heartily sorry for committing  
 so horrid a Crime? Then he answered,  
 knitting upon his Breast, and tears trickling  
 down his Cheeks; Yes, I was troubled to  
 my very Soul, that I had shed the blood of the  
 who never thought me no ill; and for ought  
 I know, made her as miserable as my self, in  
 that I gave her no warning, to much as once  
 to call upon God, but sent her out of the  
 World in the midst of her Sins: O how  
 shall I be able to appear before God, when she  
 shall be present to accuse me of my Crime?  
 and say, Lord this Villain bereaved me of my  
 life, not affording me the least space of time  
 to prepare for Eternity.

Those Ministers endeavoured still to lay  
 the

the hainoufnefs of the Crime open to him, fhewing him what a horrid Sin he had committed in the breach of that Commandment, Thou fhalt not Kill : and Gods threatening, That whosoever fhedderh Mans Blood, by Man his Blood fhall be fhed. Thus by their Expreffions, they wrought upon him fo, that he burft forth into many tears, efppecially when he remembred that faying of one of the Divines, that faid ; He would not be in his condition for Ten Thousand ~~Shillings~~. This afflicted him more and more, adding sorrow to sorrow, being deeply tormented in his Confcience, for what he had done.

Then they asked him his Age, he told them fixteen years : then you are but Youthful and blooming, and yet indeed an old Sinner : O turn, turn from thy Sin, that the Lord may be gracious to thee. With this advice they left him for that time.

Soe after they vifited him again, and askt him, how his Soul stood affected towards God ? and whether or no he had repented him of his Sinning ? He answered, I daily endeavour to do, but I find my heart fo hardened, that if there be a Heart of Iron, I have one, it is not fit to be called an Heart : When I confider how many pray with me, and

him, and are afflicted for my condition; and yet when they are gone, I my self cannot be sufficiently troubled for my deplorable state.

The Night before the Sessions, they asked, if he thought it not terrible to appear before this present Bar of Justice? said he, When I consider the Bar of Men, and comparing it to the Justice-Seat of God, it is but men, and not to be feared: O when I think of appearing before the great Tribunal, I am instead of saying, Take him Jaylor: Here I may expect that dreadful Sentence, Depart from me into Everlasting Torments. O this makes my very Hair to stand end, my Heart to ache, and my Soul to tremble.

Thus he continued lamenting his dismal condition, often in fervent Prayer to God, that he would be graciously pleased to pardon him; so that before his Death, he had a great deal of Comfort in his Soul, and could freely leave the World, not fearing the terrors of Death; through the hope of having a Being with God in Glory, after these Clouds of sorrow should be passed over: thus the nearer he grew to his End, the more comfortable hopes there appeared in him.

*His SPEECH at the place of  
Execution.*

**H**ere am I come to suffer a shameful Death, which I indeed most justly deserve; for I have shed the Blood of an innocent Creature, who never gave me the least provocation: I have not only Murdered her Body, but if God had no more mercy of her poor Soul, than I had of her Body, she is undone to all Eternity; so that I deserve not only Death from Men, but Damnation from God. I desire all that behold me, to take warning by me; the first sin I began with was Sabbath-breaking, whereby I got acquaintance with bad company, and so frequented Ale-houses in time of Divine Service, and from the Ale-house to the Bawdy-house, where I came acquainted with this vile Strumpet *W. Blay*, who inticed me to Rob my Master, and commit this Murder. Young-Men, I would have you look stedfastly upon me, and consider how one sin draws on another. First, Sabbath-breaking brought me to ill  
Com-

company, where I practised not only  
Drunkenness, but likewise Whoredom,  
and was soon drawn away to wrong my  
Master; for the accomplishment of which,  
murdered my fellow-Servant, and have  
brought my self to be a publick shame to  
all that behold me. O make me your Ex-  
ample, and learn to amend your Lives, be-  
fore it be too late, for sin will not only  
bring your Bodies to the Grave, but your  
Souls to Hell: O walk in the ways of God,  
and he will be your Guard and Guide to  
support you from temptations. Now I  
am going to take my leave of the World,  
I humbly intreat you all to pray with me  
to God, that he will have mercy upon my  
Soul, and that I may be able to go  
through the bitter pangs of death, and not  
fall from him, and that my Soul may find  
acceptance with him, through Jesus Christ  
our Lord. Amen

His

His Mournful Ditty, set forth  
these Relenting Lines, upon the  
subject of the whole matter.

*Tune of, Bleeding Heart.*

**H**ere to the World I do declare,  
No Sinner like a Murderer,  
For which I was Condemn'd to Dye,  
And by the Lawes deservedly.

I Thomas Savage, known by Name,  
Have brought my self to open shame,  
And on my Conscience brought this Guilt,  
My Fellow-Servants Blood I spilt,

All you that shall this Dirty hear,  
Sure cannot chuse but shed a Tear,  
When I my Crimes shall open lay,  
Which wrought my Mouthful lives decay.

Of honest Parents I was bred,  
Although a Vicious Life I led,  
That I may a warning be,  
To all young Men of each degree.

It was indeed my Parents care,  
To put me forth Apprentice, where  
I knew no want, but us'd well,  
At Ratcliff-Cross I there did dwell.

But like a Disobedient Son,  
I did to utter ruine run,  
The Sabbath I did often break,  
And all the Laws of God forsake.

Here to my shame, I speak the truth,  
Though in the blossom of my youth;  
A Harlots Company I kept,  
For which my friends they often wept.

And likewise did admonish me,  
To leave that course of Villany,  
Yet all in vain, I would run on,  
Against the Laws of God and Man.

But in the progress of my sin,  
Which daily I delighted in,  
I was sometimes with cares cast down,  
By my lewd Harlots scornful frown.

Who told me, if I did frequent  
Her House for pleasure and content,  
I must bring Money, thus said she,  
Or else you are no Guest for me.

A straight way told her I had none,  
Which I could truly call my own,  
Being a Seruant, therefore I,  
Could not her wanton Will supply.

Her wicked Heart she did reveal,  
Perswading me to Cheat and Deale,  
By which I soon was over-rul'd,  
To wrong my Master what I could.

To at this gross and foul abuse,  
The Harlot she did me induce,  
Without regard of Conscience stain,  
So she might but receive the gain.

But ere I did this wicked deed,  
In these like words I did proceed:  
As for my Master or his Wife,  
I neuer wrong'd them in my Life.

But she reply'd, my dearest dear,  
O wrong him now and do not fear,  
Get what thou canst and bring to me,  
And thou shalt always welcome be.

Her most deluding words prebail'd  
Deer me, so that I allow'd  
My Masters House, with vile intent,  
For which I heartily repent.



My hains to wickedness did roam,  
 When all the Household was from home,  
 I and one poor Servant-Maid,  
 Whose Life I presently betray'd:

My heart was bold of fear and dread,  
 I drew a Hammer at her head,  
 So that she straight did Murd'rer cry,  
 But yet there was no creature by

To hear each bitter scream and groan,  
 As she in dying made her moan.  
 I with my Hammer beat her head,  
 Until I left her perfect dead.

This being done, I then straightway  
 Did break a Lock where money lay:  
 My Sin was got to this degree,  
 First Murd'rer, then a Robbery.

But having done this wicked deed,  
 I then my very heart did bleed,  
 And Conscience terrify'd me so,  
 For still I knew not where to go.

Her thoughts her cries did fill my Ears,  
 Thus haunted with those slavish fears,  
 Where e'er I went, those that I saw  
 I thought they came to wait on me.

Alas! it was in vain I did,  
 For why, that blood which I had shed,  
 Did wound my Conscience, griebe my mind,  
 So that I could no comfort find.

Thus I my own Destruction wrought,  
 Taken I was, to Justice brought,  
 And likewise was to Prison sent,  
 Where I in sorrows did lament.

Then to repent I did begin,  
 When as the horror of my sin,  
 Did fill my heart with grief and woe,  
 My eyes they did like fountains flow.

While I did in my sorrows lye,  
 To God I did for mercy cry,  
 Having but yet a short time,  
 That he would pardon this my Crime.

But then, thought I how can this be,  
 Will he in Mercy pardon me?  
 Who was so great a sinner,  
 She who had never thought me sin.

Yet the Lord did much about me,  
 And his sorrows compassed round me,  
 Yet at the last, my Soul he saved,  
 The Lord in mercy did appear.

So that before I come to dye,  
I would embrace it willingly;  
And that came to see my end,  
These dying words I recommend.

Young men, it is to you I say,  
Be wise and keep the Sabbath-day,  
For those that do Gods Lawes forsake,  
And such like evil courses take,

Shall well expect what will ensue,  
For had I not been given too  
The running in that useful race,  
I had not be'd in this disgrace.

All you that see me here this day,  
I do desire you to pray,  
That all my Sins Gods will expel,  
For now I take my last farewell.

*His last Prayer at the place of Execution,*

**O** Most merciful and for ever blessed Lord God, I beseech thee look down from Heaven upon my poor Immortal Soul, which now is ready to appear before thy Bar : Lord I humbly intreat thee to prepare me for it, and receive my Soul into the Arms of thy mercy, and though my body dye a shameful Death, yet let my Soul live for ever : O merciful Father, forgive all the horrid Sins I have committed ; a Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Uncleanness, Theft ; together with that crying Sin of Murther, and all other that I have committed : Lord give me a new Heart, and grant me Faith that I may lay hold on thee, and throw my self wholly and wholly upon thee ; enable me to go through the bitter pangs of Death cheerfully : let not my Soul Perish, though my Body Dye ; Lord let me not be shut from thy presence, and let not all the Prayers, Tears, Counsel and Instructions, that have been made and shed on my behalf, be in vain : good God, I have repented for

what

what I have done, from the bottom of my heart, yet am not worthy of the least of thy mercies; but for thy Names sake, thy Sons sake, and my Souls sake, lift up the light of thy Countenance upon me; I am willing to leave this World in hopes of an interest with thee and thy Son Jesus Christ; O pour down thy Spirit upon my Soul, and tell me my sins are forgiven: here upon my bended knees, I present thee with a broken and contrite Heart; Lord receive my Soul; oh smile, one word of comfort, for my Lord and only Saviours sake. Oh let me not go out of this World with my sins unpardoned, let not my Soul perish though I killed a poor innocent Creature: Lord deal not with me as I dealt with her; but pitty me, pitty me, for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen.

*After he rose from Prayers, and his Cap was over his Eyes, he used these Expressions.*

**L**ORD Jesus receive my Spirit, Lord one smile; good Lord, one word of comfort, for Christs sake: though Death make a separation between my Soul and Body, let nothing separate between thee and my Soul:  
Good

Good Lord hear me ; Good Father of Mercy  
 hear me. O Lord Jesus receive my Soul,  
 So he was turned off the Ladder.

**T**Hese melting Expressions drew many  
 Tears from the beholders Eyes, to see  
 so much Penitence from him, who was but  
 sixteen years of Age.

After he had hung the usual time, the  
 Sheriff commanded him to be cut down, and  
 his Body was received by some of his  
 Friends, who carryed it to a Neighbouring  
 House, where being laid upon a Table, he  
 was discern'd to stir and breath, so that they  
 immediately put him into a warm Bed,  
 which recovered him so, that he opened his  
 Eyes, and moved his Body and Hands, but  
 could not attain his Speech. The News  
 was soon abroad, so that Officers came and  
 conveyed him to the former place of Exe-  
 cution, and hung him up again until he was  
 quite dead, and never came to himself a-  
 gain. He was Buried at Jillington, where  
 he sleeps in the Bed of his Grave, until the  
 Morning of the Resurrection ; whence is  
 hop'd he will rise to Eternal Glory.

**F I N I S ;**

**BOOKS** Printed for, and Sold by  
*J. Back* at the *Black-Boy* on *London-  
 Bridge*, near the *Dran-Bridge*:  
 Where any Country-chapman may  
 be furnished with all sorts of Bound  
 and small Books, with Ballads and  
 all sorts of Stationary-Wares, at  
 reasonable Rates.

1. **COCKER'S** Arithmetick, twelves,  
 price bound, 1s. 6d.
2. **Wits Academy**: or, the *Muses De-  
 light*. price bound 1s. 6d.
3. **The History of Valentine and Orson**,  
 quarto, price bound 1s. 6d.
4. **A Book of Knowledge** in 3 parts,  
 octavo, price bound 1s.

*Price of each of the following Books 2d.*

5. **The School of Piety.**
6. **The School of Holiness.**
7. **The Righteous Mans reward.**
8. **The dying Mans good Counsel.**
9. **The Danger of Dispair.**

10. *Englands Golden Trumpet.*
11. *The Gentlewomans Delight in Cookery.*
12. *The Crown Garland of Mirth.*
13. *The True Lovers Garland.*
14. *The Art of Courtship.*
15. *The Poets Jest.*
16. *The History of the Valiant London Apprentice.*
17. *Canterbury Tales.*
18. *Rules of Civility in Breeding.*
19. *City and Country Recreation.*
20. *A Discription of Mans Life from the Cradle to the Grave.*
21. *A prospect of the Reigning sins of the Nation.*
22. *The Destruction of Jerusalem.*
23. *Now or Never.*

**F I N I S.**